

The storye of Jacob
and his twelve sones.



All yonge and olde that lyste for to here
Of dedes done in the olde tyme
By the holy patryarkes that there were
Whiche descended of olde adams lyne
Often the sone of grace on them dyd shyne
For to rede this story it wyll do you moche gode
Of Abrahams sone that was syth Noes flode
Unto one Rebecca this ysaac was maryed
Of aeger the bybyll sayth he was. xl. yere
Jacob.

In dede his maydenhede so longe with hym taryed
And yet in longe tyme his wyfe no chylde bere
Than to our lord god he made his prayer
For to sende hym fruite this worlde to multiplye
And than his wyf conceyued as scripture doth specify

Two chylzen in dede had Rebecca in her body
And whan they were quycke often tymes they foughte
This good woman than meruayled gretely
What it myght be and toke grete thought
Than mekely our lord god she besought
To haue some knowlege what it myght sygnifye
She toke so grete sorowe that the teares fell fro her eye

Our lord that all knoweth sawe how she fared
With sobbynge and syghynge euermore cryenge
Of his grete goodnes vnto her he appered
And sayd woman cease thy grete wepynge
Two maner of people ben in thy body spryngynge
That shall be delyuered fro thy wombe shortly
Of the whiche the feble shall ouercome the myghty

At the laste her tyme neyghed very nere
The throwes sore thrylled her thozough with payne
All her body was faynt apalled was her chere
So delyuered she was of fayre chylzen twayne
The fyrste that yssued was rough Esau called by name
Than folowed Jacob his brothers fote holdynge
Faste in his hande this was a meruaylous thyng

Whan that they drewe to a geese these two bzyther
Esau was a plowman a tyller of londe
And for pleasure oft wolde be a hunter
To walke erly and late with bowe in his honde
Jacob was so symple at home wolde he stonde
Alwaye with his moder for she loued hym better

Than euer she dyde Esau a thousande tymes swetter

Esau was best beloued yet with the fader

Bycause he ete ofte of the benyson that he toke

And Jacob was in fauour with Rebecca his moder

Thus may ye it fynde yf that ye wyl loke

Esau wente a huntynge thus sayth the boke

All a daye togyder without mete or brede

That whan he came home for hunger he was nye dede

Whan he came to the halle he sawe Jacob stande

Therto his dyner than was Esau fayne

Holdynge a dyshe of potage in his hande

Alacke sayd Esau for hunger nowe do I complayne

In all this worlde is no gretter payne

I praye the brother of thy potage let me ete with the

Ray I wys quod Jacob thou getest none of me

But yf thou wylt sayd Jacob sell me thyne herytage

I sayth of these thou getest neuer a dele

And yf thou wylte do so holde here this potage

For fayntnes than Esau to the grounde fell

And sayd rather than deye my pattrymony wyl I sell.

Nothyng wolde it profyte me yf I deyed for hunger.

For my bely weneth my throte is cut a sonder

I am content sayd Esau yf thou it take for thy potage

Well than quod Jacob yf thou wylte resyne

I wyl haue the swere that as for thyn herytage

Thou shalt neuer clayme a here lye hande in myne

Boze Esau thought it longe or that he myght dyne

And sayd vnto Jacob nowe take it for euer

Thy potage in my hande haue had I leue

This bargayne was knytte bothe partyes were glad

Esau ete the potage therof he was fayne

And I trowe Jacob had no cause to be sadde

His broders herytage there dyd he clayme
These promyses made bytwene them twayne
And than Jacob thought to lyue full merely
With the londe that Esau dyd set full lytell by

At the last theyr fader waxed blynde and myght not se
And on a daye he called Esau his sone
Ysaac sayd chylde Esau come hether to me
For my lyue dayes be nere hande done
Therfore go forth and fet me some benysone
And as soone as thou doest it home brynge
Come to me and thou shalt haue my blyssynge

Esau dyde on his harneys for drede of bestes wyld
By his gyrdyll arowes and in his hande a bowe
And than by his owne moder Esau was begyde
For as soone as Rebecca dyde it knowe
Forth she called Jacob and to hym dyd shewe
All togyder and sayd sone yf thou wilt do after me
Esau shal lese his faders blyssynge for he shal gyue it y

Go thou to the flocke and fet me kyddes twayne
The best that amonge them may be founde
Than Jacob of this counsayll was full fayne
To the felde hasted hym swyftly in that stounde
And chase the best that were goynge in that grounde
Than home to his moder he them brought
So poze Esau was begyled that no falshe thought

Than of the kyddes fleshe Rebecca sodde grete plente
And made ysaac ete in stede of benyson.
Lo the blynde often drynketh many a flye
Than the moder made Jacob to take the kyddes skyn
To wrappe his handes his face and his necke therein
Well sayd Rebecca yf thy fader fele the rough of here

He wyll byleue none other but that thou Esau were

Olde ysaac the blynde began to were hongry
And called Rebecca and sayd that he wolde ete
Suche as she had prayed her swyftly
Hote or elles colde hym for to gete
Rebecca answered and sayd ye shall haue mete
For Esau hath brought plentye of benysone
Why quod Jacob is he come home so soone

Ye sayd Rebecca he is come I wys
If he hath brought I sawe neuer none better
In all my lyfe neuer fatter than that is
Syth ye were bozne neuer ete ye swetter
I am gladde sayd ysaac I loue hym the better
Than Rebecca fet therof ysaac for to please
He was hongrye & ete faste & made hym well at ease

Than Jacob spake to his fader for his blessinge
And on the grounde he kneled on his kne
Fader he sayd this benyson home dyde I bynge
Now I haue fulfylled y^e whiche ye bad me
Why sayd ysaac arte thou Esau / & he sayd ye
To fele thy skynne quod ysaac I haue grete lust
And yf thou be Esau I shall the knowe I trust

Than Jacob rose and wente to his fadere
And sayd to hym wyll ye fele my hande
Than ysaac felte it roughe all of here
He wente it had ben Esau that by hym dyde stande
But alak he wandred ouer the lande
Amonge busshes and brambles he dyde ronne
And no knowlege had he of this grete treason

I knowe well sayd ysaac that thou arte Esau
And by speche I wolde take the for Jacob
Joseph.

Now blessyd be this daye that euer I it knewe
For thou shalt be mayster of many lande brode
And haue the blyssynge of the heuenly lord
Therefore come hether let me kysse thy mouthe
All men shall obey to the bothe by northe & southe

Where euer thou become thou shalt haue plente
All the trybes shall euer worshyp thy name
With the peas wyll dwell and all prosperyte
They that the curseth shall be curied agayne
The for to please men wyll be full fayne
And the sones of theyr moders shall bowe to the
Bataylles many y^e shalt wyne both by londe & se

Then Jacob rose and wente his waye
With that came Esau that moche benyson brought
And bare it to his fader and thus dyde he saye
Fader this fleshe full far haue I sought
So todaynly ysaac was smyten with a thought
And sayd what arte thou fro whens doest y^e come
Forsothe I am Esau your fyrst begoten sone

ysaac ineruaylled more than may be thought credyble
And longe o^r he myght speke in a traunce laye
As the mayster of the stozz sayth so dyde he lye styll
Lyke as the soule from the body had ben awaye
Whan he dyde speke o good lord dyde he saye
Thy wyll is that Jacob sholde haue my blyssynge
Yet loued I Esau aboue all erthly thyng

Who was that sayd ysaac that brought me the benyson
Euen now that I had therwith dyde I dyne
I wente it had ben Esau myne owne sone
Alas sayd Esau fader that blyssynge sholde be myne
Jacob hathe me begyled now the seconde tyme

Longe agone also for a mese of potage
He had my patrymony that was myn herytage

Alak sayd Esau my herte is very wo
And sayd fader haue ye not one blessinge for me
I truste that all fro me be not ago
Ysaac sayd sone there is no remedye
I haue ordeyned hym to be thy lord euer the
Thou shalte obeye thy broder & lyue by thy swerde
All þ beholdeth thy face shall be aferde

Rebecca wende that Esau Jacob wolde haue slayne
And bad hym hie and go out of his daungere
Unto thyne owne vncle that dwelleth in arayne
For and thou tarpest thy lyfe standeth in fere
Esau wyll the kyll I herde hym so swere
Therfore in all the hast Jacob be gone
And whan his angre is past agayne come home

Than Jacob departed from Barlabee
And wente full faste towarde arayne
Ysaac and Rebecca wepte full pyteously
So Jacob hyed ouer hethe and playne
The sonne drew downe his rest he wolde haue fayne.
And as he slepte hym thought þ he dyde se
A longe ladder stratchynge to the skye

Angelles goynge vpwarde he sawe also
And in the myddes almyghty god dyde stonde
That sayd to hym I wyll blysse þ where euer þ go
And to thy sede I wyll gyue this londe
That thou doest on slepe it shall be in thy honde
For I am the god of Abraham that thou doest se
And I caused Ysaac his blyssynge to gyue the

Than Jacob rose on the moynynge erly

And sayd that there was the gate of heuen
Of all the erthe that place was moost holy
And thanked god for that whiche he had sene
And vnder his heed a stone that was full clene
He rered vp and set it on the ende
There prayed he god good fortune hym to sende

Than Jacob wente forth in to the east
Tyll he came to a grete pyt of water
Ther flocke of shepe with many an other beest
He sawe how they lay all in that corner
Than he thought they wolde drynke of that water
And custome men had to rolle awaye the stone
The beestes sholde go in and drynke euerychone

Jacob sawe shepeherdes fro hym not very for
And asked of whens they were & they sayd of Arayne.
Knowe you Laban quod Jacob sone of Racho
They all answered ye we knowe hym for certayne
Lo sye yonder cometh Rachell we tell you playne
That is Labans doughter with his flocke of shepe
God saue that kynred sayd Jacob & fro care them kepe

Than Jacob wente and kyste Rachell full sweetely
And tolde her that Rebecca was his moder
Rachell was gladde of that tydyng truely
Eche of them made grete Joye of other
Of curtesye Jacob coude do none other
With strengthe pulled the stone fro the pyttes brynke
That Rachels shepe therof myght drynke

Than Rachell bare tydynges to her fader
That Jacob Rebecca sone was come
Laban was gladde that tydyng to here
And for to mete hym hastely he dyde ronne

The foules were neuer gladder of þ lyght of þ sonne
Than were they twayne for eche salued other
For laban was Jacobs vnkle Rebeccas owne broder

There Jacob dyde them playnly to vnderstonde
That he had wonne his faders blyssynge
The gladder was laban to haue hym in that londe.
He thought þ plente sholde growe of euery thyng
Bothe corne and grasse grete plente wolde sprynge.
Laban prayed Jacob there to lede his lyfe
And he wolde gete hym Rachell to be his wyfe

There Jacob promysed to serue them. vii. yere
With hym to abyde & be bothe true and playne
And for to haue Rachell to be his fere
Eythir of that bargayne was full fayne
All his yeres he serued bothe in colde and rayne
And on a daye laban maryed Jacob to Rachel his child
But as they were in bedde brought Jacob was begyld

The elder doughter that was called lea
They brought to Jacobs bedde vnknowynge
To hym and all nyght by his syde laye
But whan he sawe her in the mornynge
He sayd there was vnkynde dealyng
To brynge hym Lea for fayre Rachell
Jacob sayd to Laban this dede lyketh me not well

Fayre syr sayd Laban it is the lawe of this lande,
That the elder doughter fyrst maryed shold be
Bothe Lea and Rachell thou shalt haue in thy hande
But other seuen yere thou must dwell with me
Therto I graūt qd Jacob these yeres wyll I serue the
And the nexte weke agayne wyll I be maryed
Unto fayre Rachell for her longe haue I taried

To bothe was he maryed Rachel bode longe barayne
But Lea conceyued & bare her chylde Rubyne
For Jacob loued Rachell in euery bayne
Better than euer he dyde Lea for all her chylzen
For she was somewhat blere eyed and had sore eyen
Yet she bare hym .x. sones the boke sayth playne
Where as Rachell brought hym forth but twayne

Jacob thought in that countre he had longe taryed
With labour he bode out full .xii. i. yere
Than whan his hole terme he had out serued
He sayd to Rachell I wyll tary no lenger here
Now to Barsabe wyll I go I nede not to fere
As for Esau my broder I truste wyll be my frende
What euer me betyde to my countre wyll I wende

Jacob sayd to Laban that to barsabe he wolde
Laban bad hym byde with hym that yere
And what euer he asked haue it he sholde
I desyre quod he the lambes of dyuers coler
And yf thou wylte graunt me than to my hyer
With all other beestes that blacke spotted be
And for all this twelue monthes I wyll byde wth the

Bothe beestes and lambes I gyue the sayd Laban
All that euer blacke spotted be
Cleyne the for thyn whan they come fro y^e dame
Than sayd Jacob for this hyre I wyll abyde with the
In fayth sayd Laban it shall not be broken for me
So Jacob pyllled roddes where y^e shepe sholde gone
Bestes & lambes were spotted y^e yere nye euerychone

The next yere after Laban sayd he wolde
Haue all the spotted and Jacob than the whyte
To his parte in dede he haue sholde

Our lord for Jacob shewed his myght
That all the beestes or lambes þ' fell day or nyght
They were clene whyte the moost part ywys
Than was he wrothe þ' his flocke was bygger than his

Jacob spyed that Laban frowned of chere
And tolde pryuely his wyfe Rachell
That he wolde be gone for he Laban dyde fere
Than he comfeyed all his heerdmen softly and styll
And bad them hve w' theyr beestes to galarde þ' hve hyl
Bothe w' assys & camelles theder make hyenge
And my wyues w' my .xii. sones after wyll I bynge

So forth went Jacob bothe with good and catell
And sent worde þ' he was comynge to Esau his broder
Laban myssed Jacob and had grete meruayll
He knewe that he was gone & se it wolde be none other
Yet wolde I kysse my doughters for I am theyr fader
It was tolde hym by a man of that countre
That Jacob was at moūtgalard / of .vii. days iourney

Than Laban rode after thus sayth the boke
On a good camell bothe nyght and daye
Yet at the laste he Jacob ouertoke
He asked of hym whether he wolde that waye
Unto my countre sayd Jacob who wyll saye naye
Not I sayd Laban but my chyldren kysse I wolde
And thy twelue sones also I loue better than golde

Ther of all his kynred Laban toke his leue
And axed Jacob why he wente so hastely
You were wrothe quod Jacob & that dyde I preue
Yet .xx. yere I haue serued the besply
In colde and in rayne attende to thy husbandry
And to go from the sodeynly I was full fayne

Lest thou by some treason me wolde haue slayne

Nay nay sayd Laban I wolde not do so

But for all the treasure in Egypte

I am sorpy that thou wylte from vs go

With thy asses camelles and thy shepe

I praye the Jacob my doughters well to kepe

And I truste than our lord god wyl blysse the

That thy graūdfader worshypped (one) in stede of thre

So Jacob & Laban toke leue eche of other.

And departed there / with full heuy chere

Laban prayed Jacob to recomaūde hū to his brother

So forth they wente and whan Esau dyde here

That towarde that countree Jacob drew neere

Esau met hym with foure hondzeth of men

So sore afrayde was neuer Jacob as he was then.

He wende that Esau wolde hym haue slayne

And with his chyldzen fell to his broders fete

Aryle sayd Esau of your comynge I am fayne

Whose be these women these chyldzen & the shepe

With asses and camels all these herde of gete

They be myne sayd Jacob I gyue them to you

Keke them thyselfe sayd Esau for I haue ynowe

Than was Jacob and his wyues glad

That his broder Esau was so good and kynde

In that countre mete and drynke they had

For as god hym promysed so dyde he fynde

Ysaac his fader was deed y he left there behynde

Whan that he to the countree of aron fledde

Rebecca his moder also was dede

Than Jacob in that countre lyued at his ease

With bothe his wyues Rachell and lea

Yonge and olde fayne were hym to please
So they contynued in Joye many a longe daye
At the laste Jacobs sone in a bedde laye
Whiche was broder to Beniamy
Bothe were Rachelles sones she had nomore truely

This Joseph in his slepe dyde dreame
That the sone and the mone bothe bowed to his fete
And fayre bryght sterres to the nombze of a leuen
Bowed to hym all this dyde he mete.
Also he sawe a wonder that many sheues of whete
Folowed hym thozowe out the londe
And his fader and moder at his fete dyde stonde

Yonge Joseph meruaylled what that myght be
And on a daye he asked of Jacob his fader
What that the dreame dyde sygnefye
And tolde his fader all as is reherfed befoze
Blessyd be þ tyme sone sayd Jacob þ thou were boze
For whyle that I lyue that daye shall we se
That I with thy .xi. brederne for nede must seke the

The sonne and the mone betokeneth me & thy moder
And the aleuen sterres be thy bretherne all
We shall haue nede of the I can se none other
By my lyue dayes this venture shall befall
All his sones than Jacob dyde forth call
And whan they this knewe at Joseph they had enuye.
Than they compyled his dethe & sayd þ he sholde dye

Not longe after as I vnderstande
The .xi. bretherne kepte theyz faders shepe
With many other beestes in theyz owne lande
As asses camels and also gete
Aboute tyde of the daye Jacob sent them mete
Jacob.

Therwith to dyne by Joseph theyr owne broder
And all they intended that yonge chylde to murder

Booze Joseph toke theyr dyner and went to the felde
His bredren to seke the nexte way dyde he go
He loked on euery syde and behelde
Them he coude not fynde he wept than for wo
The teres ran from his epen / & not far hym fro
He sawe a man that axed what he had brought
My brethern dyner for them haue I sought

Thy betherne sayd the man be on dotayne
There they all spt on the hye hyll
Beware thou ladde I tell the playne
yf thou be Joseph they wyll the kyll
Therfoze turne home agayne & let them be styll
Without thou be wery of thy lyfe
One sayd for thy drete thou sholdest deye on a knyfe.

Syr I trust my betherne better than so
Yet vnto dotayne theyr dyner he bere
Lo ponder cometh Joseph they all sayd tho
Whiche by nyght is so ryall a dremer
All they sayd his herte ought to be in fere
For his fader shall he neuer se ne none of his kynne
Yet now we do after my counsayll than sayd Rubyn

Rubyne sayd betherne he is of our owne blode
Late vs not kyll hym with swerde nor knyfe
But bynde we his handes & lay hym on the flode
Soone the streame wyll bereue hym his lyfe
So toke they Joseph that thought on no stryfe
And wrapped his sherte aboute his face
And layde hym on the founte there was no grace
But as god wolde it was ebbingge water

Soodne wente they to dyner & after to theyr play
And as they looked fro them a ferre
They sawe poore Joseph spraulynge where he lay
All arayed in foule oile and clay
Let vs go they sayd & kyll hym out ryght
We nede not than to fere that he dremed y last nyght.

Theder they wente and toke bp that yonglynge
Haue mercy on me bretherne Joseph gan saye
With that they sawe a chapman come rydynge
Had many hors lode and to Egypte toke the waye
They asked y chapman yf he wolde bye Joseph or nay
And he sayd ye yf ye wyll hym sell
To you. xxx. pens for hym gyue I wyll

Let vs le moneye sayd they all than
And as for the boye shall go with the
With all my herte sayd the chapman
He layde the pens in theyr handes shortly
And thought that he had made a good dayes iourney.
So toke his leue and wente his waye
But Joseph weped and wayled euery daye

Nowe god helpe poore Joseph for yonge was he solde
All his bretherne therof were glad in theyr mode
Nyght dreme on faste homewarde they wolde
Theyr mete clothe they besprange all with gotes blode
Jacob theyr fader in his doze stode
Why come ye home so soone he to them dyde saye
They answered that they ete nor dranke to daye

Jacob sayd I sente Joseph to you longe befoze none
With mete brede & drynke good plente
They sayd fader homewarde as we dyde come
This mete clothe here we founde all bloody

A pot there lyeth broken also in peeces thre
Alas alas sayd Jacob I trowe Joseph be dede
And yf it be so with sorowe I shall ete my brede

Rachell tare her here and fell downe to the grounde
And tare her clothes in peeces small
Jacob also ofte sythes he swownde
And sayd Joseph is gone my chefe ioye of all
But Rachell wepyng often wolde she fall
And bete her brest agayne the herte with a colde stone
Byte it was to here her crye and grone

Nowe leue we of and speke we of the chapman
That past ouer the see into Egypte lande
But truely or he thether came
The wynde styfly agayne them dyde stande
And yet at the laste an hauen they fande
The chapman ledde Joseph with a rope in the strete
Hym for to bye came many a lord grete

Knyghtes and ladyes came far that chylde to se
With many grete men of pharaos londe
It was talked a brode that he was so goodly
And whan y pharaos stewarde y dyde vnderstonde
He axed the chylde that to the chapman was bonde
Yf he wolde be his man and dwell with hym
Than Joseph answerde I wyll be at your byddynge

The stewarde to the chapman an. C. ponde payde
Of lytell Joseph that of face was bryght
I haue loste no moneye than the marchaunt sayd
Yet for his beaute he is worth of golde his wyght
And euery body that of Joseph had a syght
They thought he had ben an aungell of pleasaunce
He was so fayre and louely of countenaunce

Ladyes and maydens they loue Joseph all
And men dyde blyſſe hym whan they dyde ſe
So goodly a chylde carued in the hall
And meruaylled of what countree he myght be
The ſtewarde had a ſyſter beyonde the ſee
She ſent hym a ſerket and mantell of golde
The rychenes therof may not be tolde

Couched with perles and ſtones precyous
With ſaphers rubyes and other ſtones of ynde
Of many dyuerſe coloure ſet full curpyous
Coſtly brodered with arres as I fynde
Chaungeable of coloure befoze and behynde
Theſe ryche clothes this lady ſente to her brother
In all the worlde there was not ſuche another

The ſtewarde behelde this coſtely werke
And on his body ware it but one daye
By a large fote for hym it was to ſhorte
Yf it wolde ſerue Joseph he thought he wolde aſſaye
And cladde the chylde in that coſtely araye
And it was as well made for hym
As euer was beſture to the emperours kyn

On a daye the ſtewarde wolde on huntynge ryde
Than the quene called Joseph in to her boure
And made hym to ſyt downe by her ſyde
She wolde haue kyſſed hym & behelde his coloure
And ſayd that ſhe loued hym as her paramoure
And beſought hym of her to take his pleaſer
Nay god forbede quod he to dye were me leuer

She proferd hym fayre bothe caſtelles and toures
And all the pryce of egypte he ſholde haue
This ſayd ſhe to hym with halles and boures

And more rycheſſe yf he wolde it craue
fro ſekenes ſhe ſayd his body ſhe wolde ſaue
And aſked therof yf he graunte wolde
He answered ſhortly that nothyng he ſholde

He ſayd madame I wyll be true to my lord
Traytour wyll I neuer be to my ſouerayne
Therefore beleue me at a worde
Rather than do ſo had I leuer be ſlayne
With y^e loude dyde ſhe crye & brake her lace in twayne.
And ſmote her noſe that it gullehed all on blode
And rente downe her ſerket y^e was of ſylke full good

She tolde y^e knyghtes that Joſeph wolde by her layne
And that he tare her robes all aſonder
And helpe had not come this thefe had me ſlayne
Than all the courte therof dyde wonder
That he durſte pull her face aſonder
God wote it came neuer in his thought
But full grete treaſon by women hath be wrought

At nyght it was ſhewed to the kynge
How ſuche a treſpaſſe to the quene was done
He commaunded Joſeph in pryſon than to bynge
I charge you ſayd pharao that traytour fet ſoone
Than downe to the towne Joſeph was gone
They toke and put hym in a dongeon grete
Comfortles there he laye without drynke or mete

Than the baker & the butler y^e had be ſeruautes longe
N^eached pharao that was they^r lord & kynge
Alſo they were brought to that pryſon ſtrong
Where Joſeph gyltles alone lay therein
Grete hongre he ſuffered with wepyng & waylyng
At the laſte bothe butler and baker bare hym company

For in the same pryson by hym dyde they lye

Than these .ii. men y in to y dongeon was brought
They had meruayllous dremes there on a nyght
The butler in a vyne yarde a cup of wyne he thought
He had in his hande all in pharaos syght
Lordes & ladyes dranke therof bothe squyre & knight
And euer he had thre grapes in his cup holdynge
All the people dranke and neuertheles was the wyne:

The baker thought that he had holde on his sholder
A lepe full of brede that was newe bake
Than came there wyld foules y fro hym dyde it bere,
And euen with that bothe sodaynly gan wake
So vnto Ioseph these wordes than they spake
Of theyr dremes & all the trouthe tolde
They prayed hym to shewe what it sygnefye sholde

Ioseph sayd baker thou shalt be hanged hye
And byrdes shall bere thy flesshe awaye
Deth must thou suffre there is no remedye
And the butler nede not to fraye
For his olde offyce euen as I saye
He shall haue and for euer kepe it styll
And of kynge pharao to haue all his wyll

Butteler quod Ioseph yet remembre me
Whan that thou comest to thyne offyce agayne
Where thou shalt of euery thyng haue plente
Forgete not poore Ioseph that lyeth here in payne
And yf thou here ony man on me do playne
In chambze oz halle at bedde oz boorde
I praye the gentyll butteler gyue me thy good worde

The baker & the butler kynge pharao se wolde
On the morowe he sente for them bothe

Than founde they true all that Joseph tolde
The butler to his offyce that daye he gothe
But the pooze baker to tell you the sothe
On a gybet he made his ende
And þe butler in pharaos court than had many a frēde

So on a nyght kynge pharao in his bedde laye
He thought in his slepe that myghty beestes seven
Fayrer nor fatter sawe he neuer before that day
They ete corne and grasse of them dyde he dreame
And euer he thought that they came fro a streame
That was in the west and than downe by a stone
These fayre beestes layde them to rest everychone

Than out of the streame comynge he sawe as many mo
That came and ete vp all theyr corne clene
So feble than they were that they myght not go
For all that they had corne yet were they lene
Than sodaynly pharao waked of his dreame
And called to his men this dreame to expounde
They wylt not what it mente al þe were in þe grounde

My lord quod þe butler there is one in your pryson
That ye do hate your dreame can he tell
Yf it be Joseph sayd pharao go fet hym soone
And of this mater yf he can shewe me well
I wyl forgyue hym my malyce everydell
Than was ytell Joseph to the kynge brought
He wende þe he shold dye therfore he toke grete thought

Than pharao to Joseph all his dreame tolde
And sayd canst thou tell me what it dothe mene
And thou shalte haue plente sayd pharao of golde
Syr sayd Joseph I wyl shewe the of thy dreame
What dyde sygnefye the fayre fat beestes seven

Thou shalt haue seuen plentye yeres of whete
And as many mo shall there be none to gete

The laste beestes þ thou sawe on whiche þ dost wonder
That ete vp all the corne and yet were they lene
It betokeneth þ there is comynge. vii. yeres of hunger
And all the other plente they shall ete vp clene
As I tell the this it dothe mene

Well sayd kynge pharao this dreame is well expounde.

Therfore wyll I make þ steward of my grounde

Lo than was Ioseph steward of Egypte londe
He gadereth in the corne bothe daye and nyght
All men hym pleased bothe fre and bonde
Unto Ioseph dyde bowe bothe squyre and knyght
Yet fayne wolde he haue knowlege & he myght
Whether his fader and his moder were on lyue
He threwe moche chaffe on the water þ was lyght
That in to Israhell the wynde myght it dryue

In Israhell than was there hongre grete
Iacob that was Iosephs fader with his sones all
Coude not gete in theyr countree brede nor mete
So grete scarsenes amonge them was fall
As for corne had they none and mete but shall
At laste the .xi. betherne by the se syde gan gone
They sawe where the chaffe came fletyng on the fome

Than home to theyr fader these betherne dyde ronne
And of the chaffe shewed hym that they dyde fynde
Out of what countree sayd Iacob sholde it come
Can ye tell / & whiche waye cometh the wynde
It came out of Egypte they answered by theyr mynde
In fayth sayd his chyldren that by hys dyd stande
Now wolde to god sayd Ioseph þ we were in þ lande
My sones all theder I wyll you sende

For you ryght soone I shall ordeyne a galye
Also ye shall haue golde ynough for to spende
Haste ye theder and come agayne lyghtly
Yf ye tary longe for hongre I shall dye
Than they toke theyr shyp & saylled forth in dede
I praye god sayd Iacob to be your good spede

The shyppe was swyfte that they in rode
God dyde them sende also a fayre wynde
And soone they passed ouer the se brode
So accras hauen forsothe gan they fynde
They kest an ancre soone to the londe they gan wynde
The fyrste man they met was a harper
That knewe Iсахell for he had trauaylled far

This mynstrell shewed them the custome of þe cositree
Bycause they wolde to the courte he gaue them a ryng
And bad them bere it to the porter my broder is he
The moze fauour ye may haue thre at your comynge
And to the stewarde for my sake he wyll you bynge
So they toke theyr leue eche at other
Farewel sayd þe mynstrell recomaunde me to my broder

At the laste these brytherne with þe stewarde dyd mete
And prayed hym to haue some whete for theyr golde
Lowe on theyr knees all they gan sytte
The stewarde lyked theyr fauour & them gan beholde
And sayd out of this londe no whete shall be solde
Ye yonge men quod Ioseph of what countre are ye
Of Iсахell londe one Iacobs sones be we

For Joye than the teres fell fro his eye
And sodaynly loked a syde
Bycause his brytherne sholde hym not spyde
So forth togyder they all dyde ryde

And sayd that in Iherahell grete hongre dyde byde

Joseph axed yf they had ony mo bꝛetheryn

And they sayd ye his name is Beniamyn

Than he gaue them whete theyꝝ sackes euen full

And they payed for it to hym all theyꝝ golde

Joseph sayd ye shall haue asmoche as ye wull

These bꝛetherne thanked hym many folde

At the laste came Rubyne his lacke vp to holde

Than Joseph let fall a cuppe amonge the whete

So knytted vp that bagge and badde them go to mete

So they toke theyꝝ leue they wolde no lenger byde

And whan they were gone thus a dayes Journey

Joseph bad men after them to ryde

And sayd byng them agayne oꝝ they go to theyꝝ galay

For they haue boꝛne the kynges cuppe awaye

The men after rode at the laste them ouertoke

And made them so aferde that pyteously they loke

Abide ye theues the men to them sayd

Ye haue stolen a cuppe that longeth to the kyng

From theyꝝ backes theyꝝ bagges downe they layde

All they on other stode heuely lokynge

Good syꝝ we haue none sayd chylde Rubyne

Than they sought þ sackes as they stode on þ grounde

And in Rubyns bagge the cuppe they founde

God wote than that they all were wo

And loked as pale as the ashes dede

To gete helpe oꝝ comfoꝛte they wiste not how to do

Lo ye theues the men to them sayde

In pryson shall ye and there to ete your brede

And bounde theyꝝ handes & led them to theyꝝ brother.

Whenynge for to dye they knewe all none other

Than Ioseph sayd syres how is this befall
That this cuppe of golde is amonge you founde
For sothe sayd they we knewe it not at all
And than fell on theyr knees to the grounde
Hens ye go not yet sayd Ioseph for a. M. poude
But yf ye wyll brynge me Beniamyn
That is your brother sayne I wolde se hym

Tyll ye haue hym brought sayd Ioseph tho
One of you to pledge here shall abyde
How saye ye are ye agreed therto
And they answerde hym ye in that tyde
Than go whan ye wyll sayd Ioseph god be your gyde
So they toke theyr shyppe and sayled ouer the stronde
And at the laste they came home to theyr owne londe

On a daye lytell Beniamyn that was lefte at home
To his fader for brede he dyde praye
I wys sone sayd Iacob I haue none
And therfore I may saye wel awaye
For nowe I lacke my fode and none gete I maye
Alas sayd the chylde agayne fader I wolde haue brede
My bely is sore for hunger alas I wolde be dede

Iacob wept so dyde Rachell also
To se theyr chylde for his brede crye
Alas they sayd nowe were we neuer so wo
Our whete is all gone and none can we bye
A good god sayd Iacob for faute nowe I dye
My sonnes from egypte I wolde were come full fayn
For all the worlde hungar is the grettest payne

And as soone as they these wordes spoken had
All his sonnes brought whete in to the hall
Than Iacob and his wyfe wered very glad

And lytell Beniamyn well knewe them all
So they shewed theyr fader what dyde them befall
And sayd that they must carpe Beniamyn ouer the se
Nay that shall ye not quod Jacob he shall byde w me

We were troubled for a cuppe they all sayd
That was founde in Rubyns bagge
And we had wende verely that we sholde al haue dyed
Grete sorowe and trouble therfore we had
Than Jacob theyr fader was very sadde
And aied for Asser that was theyr brother
He is yet in egypte they sayd it wyl be none other

Tyll we bynge Beniamyn there must he byde
He fareth well ynoughe they said and hathe his lyberte
Therfore we wyl hve vs theder this nexte tyde
And bynge home whete grete plente
Alas sayd Jacob none other can I se
Now shall I lese Beniamyn after Joseph
In sorowe shall I lyue all the dayes of my lyfe

So ouer into egypte Beniamyn they ladde
And befoze the stewarde hym dyde they bynge
Than was Joseph I trowe full gladde
Whan he sawe all his bretherne befoze hym knelynge
So Joseph prayed them in ebrewe to synge
And euer his eye he cast on lytell Beniamyn
Be ye sure he was gladde for to se hym

Than they all songe ebrewe as theyr broder badde
I trowe Joseph therof was fayne
And than he called them bretherne & bad them be glad.
For I am he sayd that you solde in Dottayne
Remembre ye not that ye me wolde haue slayne
Alas sayd Rubyne vnto his bretherne tho

Beniamyn
Joseph
Beniamyn

For that same dede to dethe nowe shal we go

Not so quod Joseph I forgrue you all
And than he kyste them euerychone
In this countree bytherne nowe ye abyde shall
But fyrst agayne muste ye go home
And fet all my kynred of them leue not one
Bothe my fader & my moder bynge hether to me
And in this lande they shall lyue ful merely

Home they wente in to Israhell londe
And tolde theyr fader good tydynge haue we brought
Joseph our broder agayne haue we founde
Whete in Egypte in a good tyme we sought
God wote that Jacob was gladde in his thought
And than all the bytherne to theyr fader tolde
How for .xxx. pens to a chapman they hym solde

And nowe fader he prayeth you to come to þ lande
With all your kynne vnto the nynt degree
And there shall ye haue all thyng at your hande
With a good wyll quod Jacob theder wyll we
To shyppe they wente in all the hast that myght be
And shortly landed in Egypte the kyngdome
Joseph was gladde whan he herde they were come

At the laste they met Joseph in pharaos hall
There he welcomed his fader & Rachel his moder
So for to washe to mete for water he dyde call
Jacob toke þ lauer in one hande & the basen in þ other
And Rachell in her hande a fayre towell dyde bere
And so to theyr sone it helde for to washe his handes
Nay not so quod Joseph this not with reason stades.

Than at the table his fader he dyde set
With his moder Rachell and many other mo

They .xii. sones there serued them of mete
On his dreame Joseph thought tho
How that he out of Israhell dyde go
So whan they had eten thus he gan sayne
Nowe are my dremes trewe that I had in dotayne
Now dothe the sonne & the mone bowe to my hande
And the .xi. sterres that in my dreame I dyde se
With sheues of whete thughe out the lande
Now in dede they do folowe me
And Nowe in Egypte our lyfe lede we
So than he prayed his fader to be gladde
God hath so prouyded ye haue no cause to be sadde

Styll there they lyued in that countre
In grete rycheffe they dyde all habounde
Of shepe and catell they had plente
With gotes asses & camelles full theyr grounde
Theyr kynred encreased aboute them rounde
Tyll it befell at laste that all thyng shall haue ende
God his messenger dethe vnto them dyde sende

Nowe ye that shall this boke se and rede
Do not thynke that it is contruyed of ony fable
For it is the very byble in dede
Wherin our fayth is grounded full stable
Now god gyue vs grace that we may be able
By meryte of his passyon to heuen assende
For of this mater here I make an ende

¶ Here endeth Jacob & his .xii. sones. Enpryted at Lo
don in flete strete at the sygne of the sonne by Wynk
de Worde. 



